

The *Kang-Bail*

P O E M:

O R,

Tom Turd-man's *Epistle*,

ADDRESS'D

To Charles L---y.

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*Turgidus, Alpina jugulat dum Memnona dumque,  
Disingat Rheni lateum caput, hac ego ludo.*

Hor.

*Mentior at si quid, merdis caput inquinat albis*  
*Corvorum* —————

Hor.

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D U B L I N:

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## *Kaven-Bail P O E M, &c!*

**S**A Y, great *Pythagoras* of our happier days,  
How shall I stile thee in my ruder lays?  
Hast thou from *Horace* or *Longinus* drawn  
Their Souls, to animate thy lifeless brawn?  
Or didst thou once in *Mavius* plagie old *Rome*,  
Tho' C——y's senseless trunk is now thy doom?  
With justice sure this judgment we may pass,  
That thou art doom'd to animate an *Ass*.

Q

*So called from the various shapes he has appeared in, as that of Horace, Theocritus, Longinus, &c. and hereafter probably that of Pindar or Homer,*

O happy i cou'dst thou but assume the form,  
 E'er with its kindred † *Lies* thy carcass swarm:  
 But damn the luck—— thy brother † *Ulysses* dead,  
 He had a *tail*, and you could give the dead.

Say, did thy Nurse, when with her gentle fist,  
 She squeez'd thy nose, or wip'd thee when besif'd,  
 Suck out thy snout as thro' a hollow quill,  
 Not ceasing 'till she made thy brains distill.  
 Or did the Mid.wife in the natal minute,  
 Squeeze thy thin scull, 'till nothing was left in it:  
 Yet thy poor tongue escap'd her clumsy thumb,  
 Had that been lost, half *Grub-street* had been dumb.

On thy birth-day (ye gods avert such things)  
 'To trim'd his bays, and clip'd his wings,  
 The Muses number'd with their harps unstrung,  
 A fog around thy infant temples hung;

† *As our Hero's body, by reason of its farness, inclines to putrefaction, his transformation into this animal would be of service to him, as it is the only creature that is free from this kind of vermin.*

• *Alcentaur, and the School-master of Achilles, said by the Ancients to be half man, and half beast. But Dr. Bentley, and other modern Critics have proved very learnedly, that this is spoken metaphorically, he being in reality a famous Translator in these days; and notorious for putting his Translation in contrast with the originals.*



[ 3 ]  
When thy dull Nacad hovering o'er thy head,  
Within this skull, I fix my throne, she said:  
Here let not Phœbus with his beams approach,  
Or the bold Muse upon my shrine encroach,  
My thriving spawn of nonsense here I'll lay,  
And shed my muddy influence ev'ry day;  
'Till grown mature, and into fashion wrought,  
They tumble out some huge unmeaning thought.  
So oft we find in some sheep's hollow nose,  
The vermin flies their little eggs depose;  
There hatch'd and nourish'd, by the heat they rise,  
And crawl forth maggots of prodigious size.

Art thou then, great Translator, come at last,  
To fight the *living dead* in dire contrast?  
Beware, since *Horace* clasp'd thee just to death,  
Lest bold *Longinus* squeeze out all thy breath.  
Try not the vertue of his gorgons head,  
If you confront him, he will strike thee dead;  
So with fond hope to shew his vigour fir'd,  
Vain *Milo* in the oak's embrace expir'd;  
To wolves and bears his body fell a prey,  
Thine to the yawning bog-house we'll convey.

Yet still you'll not \* *suspend your gray-goose quill,*  
 Tho' pluck'd you'll write, tho' kill'd, yet strive to kill;  
 Thy Muse like some young prostituted whore,  
 The more she's pox'd, will go astray the more;  
 Or like fir-reverence in a stagnant sink,  
 The more 'tis stir'd about, the more 'twill sink;  
 She's like a flesh-worm hid beneath the skin,  
 The more you rub, the farther it works in.  
 She's like a rop, which sleeping on the ground,  
 The more you whip, it twirls the faster round:  
 So various are the paths thy restless Muse,  
 Thro' all the labyrinths of Fame pursues,  
 Now she's on ground, now leaves her native earth;  
 Now flounders in the mud that gave her birth,  
 This way, or that she steers, no matter where,  
 She's sure to leave her dirty reliicks there;  
 Thus some times snails attempt a tree or wall,  
 Tho' doom'd by nature on the earth to crawl;  
 But where the groveling Reptiles strive to climb,  
 They leave behind a filthy odious slime.

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\* Our Author made use of this expression, which he has often  
 protested by the blessing of God to have put in practice; and  
 that, at a time when, as he somewhere most unjustly files him-  
 self, a youthful Muse; tho' he is known to the world he was  
 then about the age of thirty, as his Muse is still an embryo.

Yet

Yet still you say you'll write—, indeed why not—  
 Tho' few can write, yet ev'ry Dunc may blot.  
 But you'll write Satyre—; Yes— I follow nature—  
 An Ass will kick, and he's my fellow-creature.  
 But will you write good sense? ay, there's the pause,  
 Then Sun go back, and Nature change your Laws—  
 When Memnon's bust was struck by Phœbus ray,  
 It felt the god, and chym'd in vocal lay;  
 But such the structure of thy wooden skull,  
 Its texture is so exquisitely dull,  
 That were his beams eternally to beat,  
 One tuneful eccho, you could ne'er repeat.  
 If after all you'd censure, or commend,  
 Be this your rule, and you'll obtain your end;  
 For Satyres write your paneygrick Lays,  
 And when you'd satirize, be sure to praise.  
 You fear'd, when first thy pointless arrows flew,  
 The woful vengeance that would close pursue,  
 When thou well-conscious of thy feeble wrath,  
 Ranfack'd each *garret* in thy own *Mantrath*,  
 Rak'd thro' the *stews*, and *jakes*, and *mug-house Lane*,  
 For *pantry scribbles* to supply thy brains;  
 When you with oyster-bribe, or potent bub,  
 Had muster'd up the hackney-grubsteez & clubs

Now from all quarters met, the spurious Fry,  
 Hiss, bounce and crack, then smocking, flink, and cluck  
 Amidst the foremost \* P ———, as great a cut as  
 That wretch abandon'd to all honour B ———.  
 So scatter'd geese are seen to flock together,  
 And cackle loud before tempestuous weather.  
 Of writings such a noisy hurrying Herd  
 Around thee flock, as flies around a t ———;  
 Tho' none denies their sordid hire they earn hard,  
 From powder'd † D ———, to sloven ‡ B ———;  
 A net of stinging wasps, each fain would pierce,  
 And thro' his quill his little venom squire ———  
 Of Plagiarys ———, I might also speak, what then,  
 For who steals books, from books may steal again ———.

† A cabal of scribblers, who finding it very difficult to make  
 the world acquainted with them, very prudently entred into a con-  
 spiracy to make themselves known by complementing one another;  
 their panegyrics were chiefly levelled at their great March  
 Mr. C ———, who barter'd his Ale and stakes for their Bail-verse.

\* This gentleman's moral character, especially that part of it re-  
 lating to his honesty, is so well known, that it would be needless  
 to enlarge upon it.

† A little barbers boy, who formerly spent his time in cutting  
 his wig, trimming his feet, and writing soft unmeaning love sonnets  
 upon the fair sex.

‡ A sloven and Poetaster ——— who for some time endeavour'd to  
 get his lively hood by scribbling ——— but finding little encouragement  
 in this tasteless way, he very wisely took a wife, who by her  
 needle makes up the deficiency of his pen.

F I N I S.